

and what about the sherry
that you like to keep at hand
upon the bedstand?

now if you've ever been a boy scout
or have seen the dragon of the morning after
rear his scaly tail, exhale his flinty breath,

THEN YOU WILL AUTOMATICALLY INVOKE THE STETLER PRINCIPLE

to wit, that gin will never spoil,
vermouth will keep a damn long time,
and sherry may in fact improve with age,

in other words, DON'T GET CAUGHT SHORT
THE STUFF WILL NEVER GO TO WASTE

the sanity you save may be your own.

Self Reliance

Siegfried Wolfe, a resident of Surf-
side, California, is in his early
twenties and has not learned fear. He wins
at volleyball, as graceful as the proverb-

ial gazelle, and regularly runs
the rack at pool. Nor is he any dam-
sel's fool. He has yet to meet his Brunnhild,
and there are those in his pack who'd bet he never

will. He didn't do particularly
well in school, but it has yet to matter.
Effortlessly he transcends the social ladder,
yesterday a guest at lunch of Dahlia

Dahl, the fashionable columnist,
tomorrow with a duchess or a lady
novelist. Or maybe, for a change,
a hairdresser or a home ec major.

Nor is he at a disadvantage
in the world of men. A Hollywood
producer has a notion he could be
the next great Tarzan, and, on weekends, he

is often flown to Palm Springs or the Play-
boy mansion. Rich young men are proud to be
his friends. And everyone agrees he'll
rise quite high -- they just can't specify.

His mother (Nature) has been good to him
and he is less than condescending to

the dwarves and intellectuals and ugly
ducklings -- Mother Goose's progeny.

He feels the world is his, and here's a
secret: that is why it is. He needed
no Dale Carnegie to teach him self-esteem
(though chicks keep warning he'll outreach himself).

Siegfried, Siegfried, you've been truly blessed
by sun and vitamins and breeding of
the best. No artist of the good and blonde
and true could ever quite disparage you.

captain midnight cowboy sister carrie

shit or shitless, as the case may be,
i'm oh so scared of ending up a derelict.
like ratso -- coughing, puking, never
getting laid, shivering, falling down

the stairs, then not quite making it to
florida, a whole new start as rico.
RICO, no more ratso bullshit, enrico
salvatore rizzo, dreams dreams,

joe buck as his lever, 'cause you gotta
have a little leverage, a little something
someone needs, like talent, property,
or a big stiff texas longhorn dick,

otherwise you'll get evicted every time
you fart, and what sawbones' gonna take
time out from golf to fix your leg, what dolly's
gonna be seen with you, you pitiful pariah ...

the same with dreiser's hurstwood -- he loses his
leverage, in his case a white-collar job,
and after that it's the old quicksand trick.
with vicious whirlpools, like you can't get a

decent job because your clothes are wrinkled, but
you can't afford to have your pants pressed
because you're out of a job, soon you
notice your sweetheart losing interest, the bitch

you did it all for in the first place, so
you try to knock over a liquor store, but you
get shot in the balls and three-to-thirty
years besides, and meanwhile she is laying

all the mod squad who can buy her supergrass
and take her sailing off balboa,